

THREEPENCE



EVERY FRIDAY

EAGLE

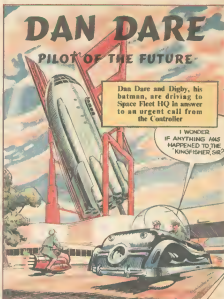
31 APRIL 1950 No. 3

DAN DARE

PILOT OF THE FUTURE

Dan Dare and Digby, his batman, are driving to Space Fleet HQ in answer to an urgent call from the Controller

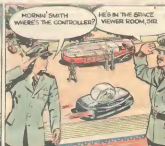
I WONDER IF ANYTHING HAS HAPPENED TO THE KINGFISHER, SIR?



WELL, I'LL SOON KNOW—
PARK THE CHARIOT AND
WAIT FOR ME, DIG



MORNIN' SMITH
WHERE'S THE CONTROLLED?



HE'S IN THE BRUCE
VIEWER ROOM, SIR

THEY'RE
MAKING A BIG
EFFORT TO KEEP
IN TOUCH WITH
THE "KINGFISHER"
UP THERE



"KINGFISHER" BEARING
ZNT6 - AL34

CROSS BEARING
FROM THE MOON
XC81 - NT 175

JUST GOT HER IN
THE VIEWER, SIR!

GOOD-SWITCH
IT THROUGH ON
TO THE SCREEN



AH, THERE YOU ARE, DAN —
THIS IS IT — THE "KINGFISHER'S"
JUST ENTERED THE AREA
WHERE THE "ORION" AND
"PERSONAUT" VANISHED...



SO FROM NOW ON I'M GOING TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH HER ALL THE TIME BY RADAR, RADIO & ON THE ASTRAL VIEWER.



OUT IN THE BLACK VOID OF SPACE THE "KINGFISHER" STREAMS STEADILY TOWARDS THE UNEXPLORED PLANET OF VENUS.....



HER COMMANDER, CAPTAIN CRANE, A SPACE PILOT OF VAST EXPERIENCE IS ON THE CONTROL BRIDGE..



ANOTHER THREE HOURS AND WE SHOULD REACH VENUS.



WHAT'S THAT?



IT'S IN THE IMPULSE CYLINDERS SIR!



STOP JETS! CLOSE A, T AND B BULKHEADS! BREAK OUT EMERGENCY OXYGEN AND PRESSURE SUITS!



EXTINGUISHERS, QUICK!

TOO LATE!



KINGFISHER!
KINGFISHER!
KINGFISHER!



IT'S NO USE, MAN - SHE'S GONE THE SAME WAY AS THE OTHERS - IT'S ABSOLUTELY UNBELIEVABLE. EVERY TINIEST PART OF THAT SHIP WAS CHECKED AND DOUBLE-CHECKED. THERE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ANYTHING WRONG WITH HER.



WELL, THAT'S THE LAST CREW I'LL SACRIFICE - ORDERS FROM THE CABINET OR NOT - POOR OLD CRANE - I FEEL LIKE A MURDERER!



BUT YOU KNOW WE'VE NO CHOICE REALLY, SIR - *SOMEBODY'S* GOT TO GET THROUGH TO VENUS!



WHY IS IT SO IMPORTANT TO REACH VENUS? SEE NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE!

The Adventures of P.C.49

FROM THE FAMED RADIO
series by ALAN STRANKS



CONTINUED

PLOT AGAINST THE WICKED

A gripping Serial

by Chad Varab



The story so far

Nothing really exciting ever happened to Jim until the night he fell through an open window into a muddy yard and was shot at by a policeman pursuing a wanted man who was gassed and found. The policeman was a man named Jim for the police, and Jim was a man named Jim for the police. The policeman was a man named Jim for the police, and Jim was a man named Jim for the police.

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Ray gripped his head towards the window. Only then did Jim become conscious of the man shielding him.

"You want to help me?" asked Ray, sitting on the bed.

"Well, of course, but how did you?"

"That don't wait, Get dressed, and talk fast."

Who was it that house when you left?"

Jim rolled painfully out of bed and began to get into his green clothes.

"I don't know who was in the house?"

"It is supposed to be empty. But when the men with the gun ran away from the cellar, I noticed the prisoner and took the gag out of his mouth."

"What did he say?"

"He asked me to help him to get out and find him a bed, as I came here to get Ray."

"Help? Bed? Was he hurt?" snapped Ray, Jim nodded.

"A wound in the shoulder. I don't think it was serious, but he'd lost a lot of blood."

"Then why are you here?" demanded Ray.

"Pity thought I was a burglar, and nearly killed me."

"All right!" said Ray.

"—so the and Ken got me to bed and went to get Dick. Raylings to help me remember Dick."

"So that's why the cellar was empty when I went back, just now," finished Ray.

"Hence I'm in the cell now. Jim was having a job to hold and for his shoulder. "Sure you're going to be all right."

Jim nodded vigorously.

"Know where they were taking him?"

"Dick's place, I gathered," and Jim. "We can ask them if you like. They're not to be back by now."

"No. I don't want anyone else to know I'm alive, just at the moment."

"I won't tell anyone, but I say, how did you escape?"

"And who was the man in the cellar who didn't want the police?"

"You're not doing anything wrong or illegal, are you, Ray?"

"We're not doing anything wrong," answered Ray, "but some things we have to do may be illegal in certain countries. In any case, police make explanations, not to meet news reporters, and our work is 'deadly' at the moment."

"As for the man in the cellar if he's the chap I think he is, he's 'one of us' and I have to rescue him or die in the attempt."

"I was trying to trace him when I saw you pop up out of that marble. I didn't recognise you and you proved me, then I resolved to attract your attention, but you bent off."

Jim looked with his eye at the mirror, to hide his blushes.

"Why didn't you call my name?" he murmured.

"You I didn't want the rough who was after you to know I was there."

Jim gasped, feeling his heart melt a beat.

"After me?"

"Yes, dear chap," drawled Ray. "You don't really suppose a gang like that not given up and goes home crying for Mum because they're interrupted at their dirty work?"

"You? Not with so much at stake!"

"But what is it—"

"When I came back here, I had no intention of involving a kid like you. I didn't even mean to see you. But you seem to be in it already. How did you come to be in the gang's hide-out, anyway?"

"The marble cover was off and I fell through it into the cellar. Your friend told me he'd pushed it off. He was trying to escape, but they dragged him back."

"Well, it's too late to have you out of it now. I don't know whether any of them would recognize you but the trouble is they know this house."

"You mean that bloke followed me here?" enquired Jim breathlessly.

"Of course," Ray leant for a cigarette. "I shadowed him but as he made me come to attack you, I kept on his tail, hoping he'd lead me to the rest of 'em. As luck would have it, a car was waiting for him round the corner. I was just in time to see a drive off. Looked like a Morris 14."

"Don't Jim's face tell 'em you didn't rub them out while you had the chance?" Ray looked on his lighter and in his cigarette, studying his young cousin's face over the tiny flame.

"I don't like to hear you talk like that, Jim," he said quietly. "If you'll see plain English, and say 'tell him', you'll see how wrong it was. What do you think I am?"

Jim's mouth set stubbornly.

"He's a bad man, no I'll be."

"Probably. Aren't we all?" The point is, I'm not a Judge and I'm, in alone an executioner. If you're going to join us, you'll have to have some reason for human life."

"Have they?" demanded Jim.

"Not much."

"Well, then."

Ray tossed his cigarette into the fireplace.

"We're waiting time," he said. "I've got to go along to Dick's place and see if my friend's all right."

He made for the window, but Jim seized him above.

"Don't leave me out, Ray!" he pleaded.

"I was wrong. I'm sorry. I don't really think you're all murderers, are you?"

Ray turned and grinned his shoulders.

"Good man." Ray smiled approvingly and Jim felt all his hero-worship of his cousin come flooding back, as in the days of the battle of Britain.

He had to forget it during the two better years under Ray's "death."

"You mean I think, we're all?" asked Ray grimly.

"Believe me, we can get tough when it's necessary. Some of us have even had to kill at times in self-defence. But mostly we 'kill' more than we 'die' out. You really know."

"Ready for anything?" challenged Jim.

"But I'd rather go out by the door if you don't mind." He looked over to close the window. "What's this gang after?"

"Anomic, anomic," replied Ray curiously.

"And they're still at nothing?"

As he spoke, something whizzed through the window, so close to Jim that it flicked his ear as it passed, and struck quivering in the wall.

It was a knife.

"What's that?"

"That's what I mean?" and Ray, watching at the light-bulb. "Meet me at Dick's better place. I can with you, and be careful!"

Hesitant of his own advice, Ray drew for the window and climbed out. Assuming that the world-be assassin wasn't likely to have brought, he ran across the slippery roof where Jim had nearly come to grief and along the wall, without any alarm at all.

By the time he reached the alley, his eyes had become adjusted to the darkness. He didn't have a night-fighter pistol for nothing. He could see the gangster crouching along towards a car at the end of the alley. The same car Jack had encountered before. The man was keeping close under the wall to avoid observation from the houses. He didn't seem to have noticed his manner. He didn't seem to have noticed his manner. He didn't seem to have noticed his manner.

He stayed on the wall and ran nimbly along the eaves, hearing his crisp heels beat curving the newshackles roofs of courtyards which showed him up.

The knife-man had not too much of a start for Ray to jump on him before he reached the car, but in the split second between the door slamming and the car

Chapter 2

"They'll Stop at Nothing!"

B LINK, three times if you'll promise to keep quiet" whispered Ray's "ghost" solemnly.

Jim obeyed, and the man released him. He tried to speak, gulped, and then tried again.

"Are you a— a spy, Ray?" he queried.

"I should hope so!" grinned the "ghost" grinning. "You'll see and snigger his face. Aren't you?"

"Yes, of course, but I mean—"

"You mean, as I daresaid one?" A speech? I should have thought you could have answered that for yourself," said Ray smiling, his hat tilt it stood on end, and his necktie like a garrote as he tried to do when he and Jim had been swimming together.

"You fell solid enough," admitted Jim, rubbing his bruised arm. "but—"

"Seen a car anywhere?" interrupted Ray, rummaging on the dressing table. "Ah, here we are." He straddled his legs until he could get into the mirror, and began combing his hair.

"If there are such things as ghosts," he continued, staring sideways at his partner in the way he'd at always done. "they obviously can't hear you except by whispering you, and if you refuse to be silent, what can they do?"

"Nerts! thought you'd be afraid of me, though."

He pitched the comb down and went "Whoa-whoa!" at Jim's pale reflection in the mirror.

Jim grinned broadly.

"Well," he muttered himself. "Thinking you were drowned and then suddenly seeing you standing there dripping wet, as if you'd risen from the sea."



off Ray transferred himself to the roof. He was nearly thrown off by the driver, covered violently into the lane, but managed to hold on by forcing his finger-tips into the crack made by the front of the automobile roof and bracing his knees against the back edge of the inch-deep depression into which it had back when opened. It was a most uncomfortable and ungraceful position, and Ray hoped he wouldn't have to hold it for long. He didn't think he had made any sound that would be heard above the noise of the engine, but as he wasn't sure if he'd been spotted on the wall, he kept a good look-out for possible attack as the car cruised through the deserted streets.

It was as well that he was on the alert. He heard his name in the back office door was opened. A man crept out backwards on to the running board, clinging to the door-frame with his left hand and groping for Ray with his right.

Ray rolled as far as he could to the left and backed out. He heard the man's nose crack and a soft thump as he fell, but one of the others must have held him, for he was dragged back into the car—though not before the door had swung viciously back at him as the car scudded another corner.

"Can't be more than three to deal with now," thought Ray, winning in sympathy with his assistant. "Wonder what they'll try next?" A shot from the other side, most likely!

Sure enough, a hand holding a gun soaked up towards him from the front near-side window. But Ray had under-estimated the cunning of the enemy. As he lay flat with his left hand and grabbed at the gun, the driver braced with a violence that made the car shudder as it skidded to a sudden stop. Ray was literally catapulted from the roof. He turned a somersault on the bonnet, clutched at the shamless young lady decrying the radiator-cap, and fell on to the road with a thud that jarred every bone in his body.

When Ray disappeared through the window, Jim stood still for a moment, his heart throbbing painfully in his breast. He stretched out a hand towards the knirk to assure himself that it hadn't all been a ghastly nightmare, then, thinking "Fingerprints!" he withdrew his hand.

Mechanically, he went on to the landing. There was no sound from Pru's old room. Should he warn her that the house was under attack by desperadoes?

"They know his house," Ray had said. Mechanically, he went on to the landing. There was no sound from Pru's old room. Should he warn her that the house was under attack by desperadoes?

"Anyways, she'll be safely back now," he assured himself. "But perhaps I'd better

ask her the time the house may be besieged again, even if Ray has drawn off the gang for the time being."

He tapped gently on the door. There was no response. He didn't dare to knock louder, for fear of disturbing her parents. He left a bit shy about going into the room, and he didn't want to frighten Pru. Though his asking ring reminded him that she wasn't easily frightened!

Cautiously he turned the knob and opened the door a few inches, listening intently. There was no sound of breathing or movement.

Assuredly he entered the room and groped his way to the bed.

"Pru?" he whispered urgently. In sudden anxiety he put out his hand and felt in the bed. There was no one there, and the bedclothes were quite cold. He crept at the pillow, trying to recognize the curve of whatever it was. Pru shan't open her hair with. There was no trace of it.

"She hadn't come back!"

"But they must have been gone long," he murmured as he dashed for the stairs. He made his way swiftly but silently to the living room and snatched on the light. He was behind the screen, but he could see at a glance that Ken wasn't there.

He tried to comfort himself with the thought that if neither of them was back, at least they were together and Ken could protect Pru.

But could he? The gang was armed with guns and knives, and wouldn't hesitate to use them.

Jim suddenly felt sick. He couldn't think of it all as a great and glorious adventure any more. Pru might be in the hands of unscrupulous ruffians.

He checked his feet. Urra! now, Pru had only been "Ken's kid sister"—quite a good sport for a girl, but no more. Now

He stood cogitating his losses, which seemed to have gone numb.

The room was silent, except for the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece.

On the mantelpiece?

Jim coughed his head, puzzled. Then he leapt forward and stood in hoisted fascination at the mirror.

There, where Ken should have been sleeping like the Village Blacksmith, after rescuing a chap who was probably as strong as oxen, was a small brown suitcase. Hanging out on one side, where the lid had been closed carefully, was a little loop of wire covered with red insulation. And something inside the case was ticking.

Jim drew in his breath so sharply that the sound was like a snort. He'd never seen a time-bomb before, but he didn't need anyone to tell him what this was.

His first impulse was to haul it out of the window. Then he took a grip on himself,

remembering Ray's words: "Policemen are everywhere—and our work is 'steady' only!" Before he could feel ashamed of his weakness, the policeman drove back his head and laughed.

"All right, sorry, carry on," he said. "You look like an honest lad. Get home to bed."

Jim was off before he had finished speaking. He clasped the bomb like a ragged ball in order to run more easily.

The policeman stood looking after him, stroking his chin thoughtfully. The boy had looked honest, for all his dirty appearance, but he'd also looked scared. As scared as if he really had.

Remembering another strange event on the neighbourhood that night, the policeman sprang in pursuit, offering himself all kinds of a fool.

"Course back?" he shouted.

"Keep away!" yelled Jim, as he vanished into a narrow passage. He had a good start and he knew the district inside out. As he ran, he remembered Ray's words: "We're not soft—we're tough, and we can take it!"

How much longer would the first last? He'd been lucky so far but surely the gang would only have allowed enough time to enable them to get well away before the explosion.

He could hear the sharp, urgent blares of the policeman's whistle but he could no longer hear his pounding footsteps. He himself was panting in worry as possible. His throat was raw with excitement and fear, and his skin prickled uncomfortably as though he had been non-stop in his underclothes. The thing he was holding repelled him as if it had been a venomous snake, and again he was nearly tempted to hurl it from him and go to look for Pru. But he was still amongst inhabited buildings and he missed the impulse.

He had managed to evade the policeman, that was one good thing. But he didn't know how much longer he could keep going. He'd had to evade a considerable distance already. His legs were beginning to drag, and his eyes were blinded with sweat.

He had almost reached his destination when his weary feet stumbled on the uneven cobble of a back street, and he fell. In striving to keep his balance, one leg got in the way of the other, and he tumbled sideways and crashed his head against the wall.

He felt the stunning blow, and struggled desperately to retain consciousness. By a tremendous effort of will he managed to get up on all fours. Then his body refused to respond any more, and he flopped in a faint, the summer suitcase falling away against his elbow.

His last thought was that Ray (and Pru, too, if the wire still always would be proud that he had died to a sane attempt to save others.

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To be continued next week

CAPTAIN PUGWASH



CRICKET COACHING BY LEARY CONSTANTINE

FORWARD DEFENSIVE STROKES



BALL OUTSIDE OFF STUMP, PLAY ACROSS LEFT HINDLE. COCK LEFT ELBOW, LOOKING GRASP A LITTLE.



BALL ON THE LEG STUMP. PLAY ALONG SIDE OF LEFT FOOT - NOT ACROSS LEFT HINDLE. LEFT ELBOW WELL UP.



BALL PITCHED ON LEG STUMP. SOME BATS TO LEG. HELP IT ALONG.



LEFT ELBOW - THE BASIS OF USING A STRAIGHT BAT.



LEFT ELBOW - IF BAT WERE TAKEN AWAY, THE BALL WOULD BE PLACED THIS WAY.

FAST BOWLING



HOLDING THE BALL - DISGUISE YOUR INTENTIONS.



THE RUN UP TO THE WICKET - SWIFT AT SPEED.



RUN UP CONTINUED AT INCREASING SPEED.



BODY AT DELIVERY POSITION - LEFT ARM CARRIES, RIGHT ARM FOLLOWS.



DELIVERY AT TOP SPEED. DON'T SUSPECTS TRUE BODY UP AND INSIDE BALL SHOWN.



DELIVERY OVER-THROW THROUGH CONTINUED.



FOLLOW THROUGH SLOWLY WITH BALL IN HORIZONTAL - VISUALLY BALANCE UP WICKET.

GET THIS COLUMN OUT AND REEF CAREFULLY.

NEXT WEEK: BASIC FIELDING.

REAL LIFE MYSTERIES



THE WHITE QUEEN OF THE SAHARA

In the heart of the southern Sahara desert lies a flat-topped range of rocky hills. The roof of the Sahara is the native name for them. On maps of Africa it is the Hoggar Plateau. The natives told the first explorers a weird story. "Long ago these parched hills were covered with grain. Our forefathers lived here, growing their crops.

"Then, out of the western desert, came a Great White Queen. With her marched a vast army of soldiers, slaves and attendants. The Queen was a white woman, golden haired and very beautiful. Her soldiers were brave fighters, whom she led into battle against her enemies. She was over six feet in height and as strong as any of her warriors. We called her Tin-Hissan. For several hundred years her people lived in the Hoggar. Then the

streams slowly dried up. The rich countryside turned to dust. The whites died out. In 1912 a young prospector named Count Beynon de Protok began a search for the south of Tin-Hissan. At last he came across a huge pyramid of masonry. His servants tunnelled into it and de Protok shone his torch into the black interior. Before him was the Great White Queen. "The Queen," said de Protok, "was lying

in a canopy of sculptured ivory and wood. Her gorgeous wrappings had turned to dust. Around her neck was a marvelous necklace of 300 precious stones. Beside her lay her broken sword and shield." Tin-Hissan, the Great White Queen, now rests in the National Museum in Algiers. No one has yet discovered who she really was, what land she came from or why she marched into Africa.

SETH AND SHORTY - COWBOYS

A tale
of heroism and hardship
in a lawless land
South-West Texas
sixty years ago

HEY! HERE'S SETH
AND SHORTY.
WHAT ER THEY
LEATHERIN' FOR

SHUCKS!
THEY MUST HEV
SMELT OUR GRUB

PETE THE
REDSKINS ARE
OUT OF THEIR
RESERVATION.
THE BOYS WANT
THE CATTLE
ROUNDED UP

YOU DONT SAY!
WAL! I NEVER
THOUGHT THEM
VARMINTS WOULD
GIVE ANY
MORE TROUBLE

WAL!
SO LONG
BOYS

WATCH
OUT FOR
YOUR SCALP
SHORTY

PETE SEEMS TO THINK
SOMEBODYS RAISING
THE INDIANS
AGAINST
US

IT WOULD BE A GOOD
IDEE IF WE ROSE
INTO TOWN SOMEDAY
..... SEE IF ANY
STRANGERS ARE
KNOCKIN' AROUND

LOOK!!
SHORTY...
REDSKINS!!
RIDE FOR IT!

HECK!
SOME
CROWD

SHORTY!
MAKE FOR
THOSE
ROCKS

TAKE IT EASY
OLD GIL
JUST YOU LAY
QUIET.....
YOU'LL BE
ALRIGHT

LOOK SHARP!
SHORTY!
THE VARMINTS ARE
GETTIN READY

WAL!
SO LONG
BOYS

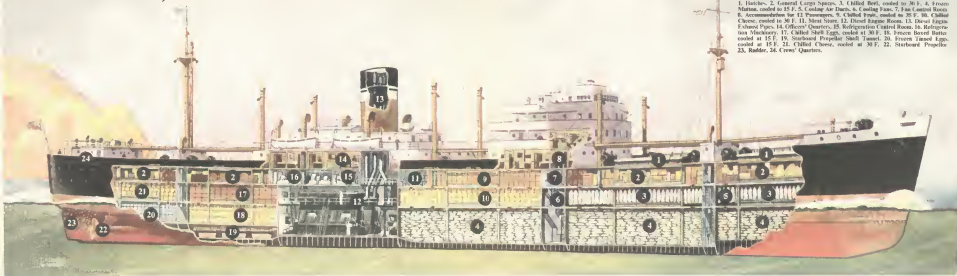
THERE
AN IDEE
SHORE
NOW I
FEEL
HOPEFULL

LISTEN! BOYS!
.....
GUNFIRE!

YEP! THERE A
FIGHT GONING ON.
WONDER IF ITS
SETH AND SHORTY
SAVIN THEIR
SCALPS

CONTINUED

BRINGING 10,000 TONS OF FOOD TO OUR SHORES



A TYPICAL REFRIGERATED CARGO LINER
KEY TO NUMBERS
1. Hatch; 2. General Cargo Spaces; 3. Chilled Beef, cooled to 30 F.; 4. Frozen Mutton, cooled to 15 F.; 5. Casing Air Ducts; 6. Casing Pass; 7. Fan Control Room; 8. Accommodation for 12 Passengers; 9. Chilled Pork, cooled to 35 F.; 10. Chilled Cheese, cooled to 30 F.; 11. Meat Store; 12. Diesel Engine Room; 13. Diesel Engine Control Room; 14. Officers' Quarters; 15. Refrigeration Control Room; 16. Refrigeration Machinery; 17. Chilled Shell Eggs, cooled to 30 F.; 18. Frozen Bread Batches cooled to 15 F.; 19. Stowage Propeller Shaft Tunnel; 20. Frozen Tinned Eggs, cooled to 15 F.; 21. Chilled Cheese, cooled to 30 F.; 22. Stowage Propeller; 23. Radio; 24. Crew's Quarters.

SKIPPY

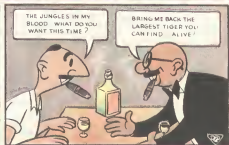
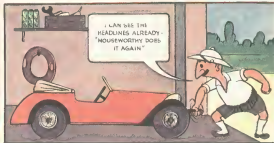


THE KANGAROO



BY DANET, DUBISAY, GENESTRE

AN ANDRÉ SARRU[®] PRODUCTION



HEROES OF THE CLOUDS

1783... *The Montgolfier Brothers conquer the Unknown!*

SUCCESS AT LAST, ETIENNE!
NOW WE CAN BUILD BIGGER
BALLOONS AND EXPLORE
THE HEAVENS!

1782 AT AVIGNON, THE BROTHERS FOUND THAT
A BAG OF SILK, PLACED OVER A FIRE OF WOOD,
STEAM WOULD RISE RAPIDLY INTO THE AIR!

THE FIRST AIR PASSENGERS...
A SHEEP, A COCK, AND A DUCK.

SHAVE!

1783, VERSAILLES, ONLY A SHY SUSTAINED
WIND BY THE WING OF THE COCK, WHICH WAS
BROKEN BY A KICK FROM THE SHEEP!

The First Ascent by Man... Nov 21, 1783



THE FIRST ASCENT WAS MADE BY J F PILATRE DE ROZIER, AND
THE MARQUIS D'ARLANTAS AS PASSENGER. FROM THE BOG OF MOORHEN
PREVAILING WINDS CARRIED THE BALLOON ACROSS PARIS...

HIGHER, AND HIGHER ROSE THE
BALLOON UNTIL IT REACHED A
HEIGHT OF SOME 800 FT...



FIRE!

THIS IS THE
END!
WE WILL PERISH
IN THE
FLAMES!



HIGH OVER THE ROOFTOPS OF PARIS, THE ENVELOPE CAUGHT FIRE
AND THE OCCUPANTS WERE IN GRAVE DANGER OF LOSING THEIR LIVES!
THE BALLOON CAUGHT ITS OWN FIRE IN A BLAZER, SLUNG IN THE RECK
OF THE ENVELOPE. IT WAS FED BY BALES OF WOOL AND STRAW IN
THE GALLERIES. WHY THEY STOP THE FLAMES? SEE NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER.

DISCOVERING THE COUNTRYSIDE

by John Dyke

THE MOORHEN



THERE'S ALWAYS PLENTY TO
SEE AT FLAG POOL, EVEN
THOUGH IT IS A SMALLISH
STRETCH OF WATER. LOOK,
THERE ARE SOME MOORHENS
BY THE BANK.

DAD CALLED THEM
WATERHENS AND DYKE
WANTED THE DIFFERENCE?



NO DIFFERENCE AT ALL, JOHN. FORMLY
ENOUGH YOU HARDLY EVER SEE A
MOORHEN ON THE MOORS SO WATERHEN
IS PROBABLY A BETTER NAME. GIE
BUT ONE ON THE BANK WITH REDDISH
LEGS, WHITE WALKING AND BRIGHT
RED ORLE ON THE FOREHEAD.



THERE'S ANOTHER IN THE WATER -
NOTICE ITS LEEKY WAY OF SWIMMING
WITH ITS HEAD BODDING UP AND DOWN
LIKE CHICKEN. I SHOULDN'T THINK
THESE CHICKS HAVE BEEN LONG
OUT OF THE NEST.



NOW MANY EGGS
ARE LAID AT A TIME?



WELL IT VARIES AWH - ROUGHLY
BETWEEN 5 AND 9. THE BEST 10
LARGE AND SMALLER GUILT AMONG
THE REDDISH MOORHENS FROM WHICH THE
TODDING CHICKS CAN COME. I'VE ONLY AFTER
HATCHING - YOU SEE, A BABY MOORHEN CAN
SWIM AND SWIM WITHIN A FEW MINUTES OF
LEAVING THE SHELL. THOSE CHICKS ON
THE POOL ARE THE FIRST SAVED IN
THE SEASON - THERE MAY BE
TWO MORE SAVED TO
FOLLOW.

THE MOORHEN HAS A SHORT TAIL AND
WINGS AND VERY LONG, TOE-NOT WINGS -
MORE LIKE LAND BIRDS BUT HE STARTS
WING FLIGHT WITH A CLUMSY SLANGING
FLUN - NOT AT ALL GRACEFUL.



WE'VE LEARNED A LOT
TODAY - THANKS MR DYKE



WE'LL HAVE
ANOTHER STROLL
NEXT WEEK

THE EAGLE CLUB

AND EDITOR'S PAGE

21 April 1950

The Editor's Office
EAGLE

43 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4

IT looks as if we are going to have the country rearing with EAGLETS at this time. An Eagle, of course, is a member of the EAGLE CLUB. Before he does something special and becomes a MUG, the postman could do with one of this Duke's Agents to carry all the letters of application to join the Club and the badge-makers are going cross-eyed with working overtime.

You can't all be among the first hundred members of the Club, of course, and you a free trip to Silverstone Motor Race, or Farnborough Air Display, or the Test Match at Manchester, or the Highland Games. We shall announce the names of the winners as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, don't forget that if you apply for membership in the first four weeks before May 14th - you can get the **1st** badge without any extra payment, simply by sending in your 1st Membership fee. Just send a postal order with your name, address, age and date of birthday, name of school and club to The Editor at the above address. After May 14th, there will be an extra charge of 6d for the **1st** badge.

Remember that after you've joined the Club, the second step is to become a MUG. You can't do this by applying for a yourself! Someone else has got to write and tell us about something you've done to deserve the word. We have heard already of a good many readers whose parents, or teachers, or club leaders, or someone like that - believe they have done something rather special and deserve to be elected a MUG. We are looking into each case carefully and if elected we shall award them the MUG badge which will entitle them to a good many privileges. We hope, in the next few or three weeks to be able to announce the first MUG of this MONTH.

We hope you have got the idea of what a MUG really is. Some of our readers have been getting their parents to send in accounts of things they have done that were just plain dumb!

The point is this: a MUG isn't a reward who gets taken in and then squashed, he's a chap who deliberately sets out to do the worthwhile things, whatever the cost. He's never imposed on or taken advantage of except when he's willing to be. There's nothing to be proud of in being dodged (though even that is better than dodging some other poor blighter). A MUG gives service, knowing what he is doing. He doesn't have it taken from him by force or trickery.

There are any number of ways you can earn the title of MUG. It may be by some especially brave action, like rescuing someone from drowning, or like the boy we read about the other day who chased off a couple of louts

trying to break into a shop. It may be by taking a stand against the gang hoodlums that are going on nowadays. A MUG may be someone crippled or ill in hospital who shows great cheerfulness and endurance, or someone who goes up the chance of enjoyment and has been looking forward to it in order to be someone else has it.

Those are only some of the things that would earn the MUG badge. It might be something quite different - but it's got to be something that's of service to others.

As we met last week, we've got a great many ideas for the EAGLE CLUB. But, after all, it's your Club and we really want to know your ideas about it, and what you like. So we'll you start thinking between now and next week, about the sort of things you'd like the Club to organize.

Here, for example, are some of the things you might be interested in. Some of you will like one thing, and others something else. In the next issue we shall ask you to let us know which you prefer. Don't do anything about it now - except think!

The idea is that there should be several groups within the Club, for those interested in, for example:

- 1 Stamp collecting, or collecting other things, 2 Amateur Theatre, 3 Handwriting and Model making, 4 Engine Spicing, 5 Amateur Photography, 6 Films, 7 Overcast Pencil, 8 Soap Making.

We will run features in EAGLE on some or all of these, if you decide you want them, and you will probably have a great many other ideas of your own. But meanwhile don't forget to make sure of getting your copy of EAGLE regularly. There's an order form at the bottom of this page which we suggest you use.

Last week we mentioned some of the great MUGS of history. People like the Wright Brothers, folk, said they were waiting this time when they were experimenting with aeroplanes at Florence Nightingale when she devoted her life to improving military hospitals, or Keats, when he was writing poetry in spite of the crabs. Our picture this week, a cartoon famous was. When the people laughed at him when he said he would set that slavery was abolished.

Yours sincerely

THE EDITOR

COMPETITION CORNER

Answers on p. 13

1. SWINGING THE LOAD Study the illustration carefully and see if you can solve this worrying problem. A bale of merchandise (marked clearly with an "X") has to be transferred to a quay (marked "Y"). Unfortunately - as you can doubt have already seen - the width of the water is considerably greater than the span of the crane that is to lift the goods. The arm of the crane is rigid.

The whole crane itself can swing, but the arm cannot be either raised or lowered.

Imagine yourself in charge of the job. What would you advise? Transfer the bale by other means? Or attempt it with the crane? If you decide on the crane, what method can you possibly use? If you decide against the crane, ask yourself whether it is absolutely impossible by that means. Look very, very carefully at the picture before replying!



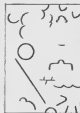
2. QUIZ: (1) Which is the lightest star in the heavens (not counting the sun)? (2) Which is the smallest of these: GRAIN, ATOM, ELECTRON, MOLECULE? (3) Which is the lightest of these housing weights: FEATHER, FLY, LIGHT, BANTAM? (4) On which side of a penny is the date: heads or tails? (5) Does sound travel faster in air or in water? (6) What flags are these: POLLY ROGER, OLD GLORY, BLUE PETER, YELLOW JACK, RED DUTCH?

3. OPPOSITES There are several words which need only their first letters changing to make a word with an entirely opposite meaning. For example, "tarnish" (to make dirty) and "varnish" (to make bright).

Can you discover the following four pairs of opposite words? Only the first letter is different in each pair.

- (a) Change a word meaning "Something that gives colour" into a word meaning "something that removes colour". (b) "To withhold help" into "to help a great deal". (c) "A step" into "no step". (d) "The winner" into "the loser".

4. FILL-INS Here is a drawing competition for which we offer a first prize of 10/6. In the left-hand picture some of the artist's lines got rubbed out leaving only those that you can see here. Can you fill in other lines to make a picture? The right-hand drawing gives one example of what can be done. The prize will go to the best and most original drawing. Last date for entries a Wednesday, May 1st. Send your entries to The Editor, THE EAGLE, 43 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4 and mark envelope "Competition". Don't forget to include your name, address and age.



CHICKO

by thelwell



Cut this out
To my Newsagent please order EAGLE
for me every week until further notice

Name.....

Address.....

HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSBOY OR
TAKE IT TO YOUR NEWSAGENT'S SHOP

Lash Lonergan's Quest

By MOORE RAYMOND

The story so far

Lash Lonergan, after winning a felony contest that made him America's Champion roughrider and steady-state rider, is on his way home to Coosbush Creek, a far western cattle country owned by his powerful Uncle Peter. Some poor Indians, his men suddenly arrested him of cowardice and brought him to Coosbush Creek. Lash, a cowboy, accompanied by Rawhide O'Reilly, his loyal stockman friend, and Squab, a boy they rescued from the cruel owner of a salubrious saloon. On the way, Lash, accompanied by Monarch, a friendly Aborigine, their boy uncle has been found dead on the bank with a piece of meat in his hand. Meanwhile the owners, arrested, gave Monarch his share of the money.

Chapter 2

LASH LONERGAN explained to Rawhide and Squab what happened to the black-fellow had stumbled to him.

"The message got through to the blacks' camp. It was coming home. When Monarch saw that Dago Member was up to some dirty work, he took a horse from Coosbush Creek and rode to meet me.

"He thinks the mounted police might be after him for stealing the horse. That's why he wouldn't come out to the road. He threw a warning booming instead." Squab, who had been silent for some time, put a question to the roughrider: "What's going to happen when we get to Coosbush Creek?"

"That," replied Lash grimly, "is something for tomorrow to decide." Throwing out his jaw, he added "But whatever it is, I'm looking forward to dealing with Mr Dago Member."

Just before noon next day the three horsemen rode up to the gate of Coosbush Creek.

As Lash started the property, his feelings were a mixture of awe, anger, and gloom.

Dago Member was waiting for him. Dago's men were waiting, too.

Tall, handsome, and sturdy, Dago leaned nonchalantly against a veranda post and watched the trio ride up the road to the house again.

A splendid stockman, he had been Uncle Peter's foreman for years. Though both Lash and Rawhide had admired his skill, they had never liked him. There had always been something sinister about the man.

Now they saw that Member's smile was half a sneer as he leaned against the post and watched them with sharp, dark eyes. He made no sign and said no word. Neither did any of the men who stood on either side of him in hostile array.

Lash reined his horse in front of the veranda steps. Rawhide and Squab pulled up on either side.

"Well, well, Rawhide!" exclaimed Lash gayly. "I expected a better welcome home than this!"

"Isn't it quiet around here?" replied the roughrider with a grin.

Dago Member's smile was clearly "You might even say it was quiet enough for a funeral."

Lash's eyes narrowed as he glanced over the other men. "I see a lot of strangers here, but none of my old friends."

"I got rid of your lot when I took over the station," said Dago calmly.

"I hear you've proclaimed yourself home owner of Coosbush Creek," replied Lash up at casually.

Dago nodded. "You were demoralized the day your Uncle Peter kicked you out," he said in polite tones that could not conceal his delight. "Your uncle told me I was to take over the place when he died."

"Do you know what I think?" said Lash. "I think you're a liar."

Dago started and flushed. Recovering his composure, he said: "You've got someone. There's Joe Horgan for one."

He pointed to the fat man beside him, and continued, "Joe was there when—" "Greasy Joe!" bellowed Rawhide, who could contain himself no longer. "Greasy Joe the dago!" Greasy Joe the trader, if ever



there was a pretty fair piece of pony at a Greasy Joe Horgan."

The fat man, frowning at the above, suddenly bent down and produced a rifle.

Lash's quick eye saw the move. He swung his whip, and the whipping top lashed out and whirled itself around the barrel.

"Look out, Lash!" yelled Squab.

The boy had seen Dago's lightning news as the foreman flung out his arm. As if by magic, a knife appeared in his hand.

As Lash's whip jerked the rifle from Greasy Joe's hands, Dago hurled the gleaming knife straight at the unsuspecting roughrider.

Lash glimpsed the flying blade too late to duck. The knife pierced the crown of his hat and whizzed it off his head.

And cackles and guffaws from Dago's horsemen, Lash swiftly hooked a horse around the post as Monarch wheeled away.

The roughrider swung head down and, with the ease of a circus acrobat, snatched his hat from the ground. The cackling laughter was checked by the sight of such a feat.

But Dago still smiled his sneering smile. "I didn't intend to touch you," he said. "I only wanted to demonstrate that a knife is a better weapon than a whip, because it can be thrown farther than a whip can reach. Serve!"

Lash replied quietly: "Maybe you've heard of something they call the law of the land. You'll be hearing none of that soon."

"Possession is nine points of the law," quoted Dago slyly.

"And," replied Lash, "possession can be proved by a will."

Dago Member started up surprised.

"Uncle Peter made his will in my favour," the roughrider went on. "He showed it to me years ago when he said the place would one day be mine."

Dago nodded down the steps and looked sternly at Lash.

"There's no will among his papers," he said. "And where there's no will, there's no law."



way of proving he left you Coosbush Creek."

Rawhide burst in: "Ah, Lash, my boy! Don't let those any more to the blatherers' dago."

Lash, keeping his eyes fixed on Dago, continued to address him: "Maybe you did find uncle's will here in the house— and maybe you destroyed it."

"Are you calling me a liar?" roared the sneering man.

"Or maybe you didn't find the will because it isn't here. Maybe it's in the bank at Tarnawarra."

A buzz of excited comment broke out among the men. Dago looked disconcerted for a moment or two. Then he burst out: "You got off the place! You got off my place!"

"One more question before I go," replied Lash calmly. "Where is the opal that was in Uncle Peter's hand when they found him up there?"

Dago blinked in frightful surprise. "Opal?" he repeated.

A whisper ran through the group of men on the veranda.

"I think you know what I mean," said Lash grimly.

"Yabbarba was one of the blacks that found your uncle," said Dago. "And he didn't see any opal."

Monarch turned and beckoned to the black-fellow who had been squatting on the veranda. The big, ugly, and almost-raked Aborigine rose and came forward to the railings.

"Now, Yabbarba," said Dago. "Tell us this fellow if you see opal long Minter Lonergan when you find him long gully."

Clutching his booming and mottled, the black shook his head vigorously. "No see opal. Likas you say, Missa Member, no opal long Missa Lonergan. No see."

Rawhide again started out by opinion. "Who'd believe you?" he roared. "You know that and cattle duffer!"

The Aborigine scowled nastily at the Irishman and raised his booming in a threatening manner.

"Rawhide— Squab— come on," ordered Lash, who saw further argument was futile. The three companions wheeled their horses and rode off, followed by hoofs and jays.

Only Dago Member did not laugh. With speculative eyes he watched the trio go on, wondering where the opal was. He knew he had seen the last of Lash Lonergan.

Meanwhile Squab, who had listened to the recent argument in timid silence, boldly started firing questions at Lash.

"I suppose he wouldn't own up about the opal because he wants to keep it for himself?"

"Oh, it's more than that, my innocent little cousin," interposed Rawhide. "You can bet your sweet life that Uncle Peter made an opal strike somewhere up there in the hills. And I'll bet me best pants to a clatch of cockatoos' eggs that Dago Member and his mob have been up there fossicking for the opal ever their right belongs to Lash."

"Do you reckon they've found it?"

"I don't reckon so," or the news would have got around by this."

"Strike me 'andson!" exclaimed Squab, suddenly changing the subject. "I'm terrible hungry!"

Lash and Rawhide burst into laughter. Then they agreed they felt the same way.

"I thought we'd get some tucker at the homestead," said the roughrider. "But all we got was the boot. We won't be in Tarnawarra till about sundown, so we'd better see what we can catch."

Rawhide pointed at the fat, pink and grey parrots squabbling among the honey-licked flowers of a gum tree. "I'd had a pair," he said, "I'd potched a trolley of 'em gallop— one for each and all of us."

"Lash," cried Squab, pointing towards a streak of dry, yellow grass beside a scrubbed bullock.

They glimpsed the alert, grey-leathered head of a plain-saddle above the top of the gate. Lash swung Monarch off the road and made for the bullock.

The plain-saddle bullock towered and ran swiftly across the sand flats towards a dense clump of waratahe bushes. Its tiny, useless wings flapped furiously as it vainly tried to fly as Monarch went racing in pursuit.

The roughrider felt for the handle of his whip and jerked the cord aside from him.

"Squab!" went the daring loud. It struck the overshotched neck and cooled itself round the grey leathers. Lash flicked back his wrist— and the plump plucky bullock had died, ready for plucking and cooking.

"She loves me!" She loves me not!" exclaimed Rawhide a few minutes later as he sat on a log, pulling the feathers by the handful and tossing them into the air.

Meanwhile Lash fed a few of his and Lash and Rawhide, and then showed Squab how to do it. He rolled his eyes and licking his lips.

By the time they had dug up one of the potato-like tubers, Rawhide had the turkey plucked and cleaned.

He went over to a patch of wet clay on the edge of the bullock, and, scooping it up by the handful, smeared it thickly over the turkey.

"Help me make a bushman's oven, lad," Lash invited the boy.

He and Squab soon made a hole in the earth about three feet deep. Rawhide came back with the turf completely covered with clay.

While the canyon lay steady and watched the strange sight, the two men shovelled bricks from the fire into the bottom of the hole. It was wet the turkey. Then came more embers. Finally the earth was pushed back on top.

"Where are the yams?" asked Squab.

"Trade the beautiful bird," replied Rawhide, rolling his eyes and licking his lips.

"And when that turkey is ready for our gullet, so will those yams be cooked as well. Oh, the thought of it makes me mouth water like the Niagara Falls."

"Well," began Lash, "we've got about as good as what, so—"

"Lash!" started Squab, whose face

had caught the strange dancing sound.

Lash looked an inquiring cat. Rawhide jerked up his head and listened intently. It was the booming, throbbing sound of earth feet on hard mud.

"It's Dago and his pals!" exclaimed the boy. "They're after us!"

"Here they come," shrieked Rawhide, whispering to Lash. "And they all seem to be wearing fancy costumes!"

At that moment the runners came into view on the other side of the hill, and then Squab rushed. Rawhide had been asking.

"Erms!" he exclaimed in a tone of the great birds flitted across the mud flat. With necks outstretched and brown feathers streaming, they raced as fast as porcupines, ignorant of the man's presence, they belched mud into the bush again.

"Daggers!" cried Squab at the sight of the two wild dogs that followed in each pursuit. Like two creatures of a nightmare, the wild dogs, their huge jaws open to show sharp teeth, raced across the flat and disappeared among the trees.

"They'll never catch those cows," said Lash to Squab. "Unless they run any of them into a netting fence. Which is one of their tricks when they get the birds in a corner. They just run full tilt into the fence and break their necks."

Please more word on the first lot, and get ready to hold the body in case for the next turkey.

At last the bird was ready. They scraped away the earth, then the almost-dead embers, to reveal a turkey-shaped mass of baked clay.

Holding the turkey by the charred feet, Lash turned at the clay with his big knife. It flaked off, to reveal the beautifully cooked flesh. The delicious smell made their mouths water furiously.

Lash broke off a leg and handed it to the boy. Squab grabbed it greedily and sank his teeth into the succulent flesh.

Between the three of them they finished the whole turkey. Squab and Rawhide, goaded and somewhat, lay back in the shade with the assurance of drowsing and digesting.

There's a westerly wind blowing, and Lash, looking toward the horizon. "And do you see the colour of the sky over there? I reckon we're in for a few days storm. Come on, coppers, we're on the road again!"

As they rode south towards Yamawarra, the wind was fast and dry on their faces, parching their lips.

Then came the dust—soft and powdery at first, drilling into their eyes and noses and throat.

Like a dark mist, the dust storm came slowly down the valley, turning the clearing into a golden yellow ball.

The horses snuffed and sneezed. The men coughed and spat, trying to get rid of the gritty taste.

"Light, we throat's as dry as a watercock's," cried Rawhide.

"I could spit chips," growled Squab.

Lash exclaimed: "We'll have to get used to it. It might keep on for days."

Just as the sun went down, leaving an eerie, murky dusk, the riders saw the lights of Yamawarra. It was only a tiny settlement, a cluster of buildings in the main road south, but never had the riders seen a more welcome sight.

They rode to the house of Colin McPherson, the manager of the township's only bank.

McPherson greeted Lash with huge delight. After something about the death of his uncle, McPherson said: "We've all been following your career with great interest, Lash, and we're all very proud of you in these parts. Your Uncle Peter was, too."

Did he know what he had been doing? asked the stranger eagerly.

"Oh, yes. He watched the papers for the results of all the roughing contests. He was always talking about your room."

On the subject of Cooksbatch Creek Station, McPherson said he had heard that Dago McPherson had claimed the property as his own.

"But of course it's yours," went on the bank manager. "You'll soon have him shang out when you produce your uncle's will."

"Have you got it in the bank?" asked Lash quickly.

"Of course. It's in a strongbox in the safe with other papers of your uncle's."



"Could I see it now, please?" Just to make sure it's all an order call.

"Don't be impatient, young man," laughed McPherson. "If after building hearts, you know it would be a lot of bother going out into the dust storm just to satisfy your curiosity. You'll have it in the morning, my boy."

McPherson invited all three of them to stay the night at his place, provided they did not mind Lash. "If after building hearts, you know it would be a lot of bother going out into the dust storm just to satisfy your curiosity. You'll have it in the morning, my boy."

After the evening meal they yanked for a while. But they were so tired that even Lash, young and tough as he was, could fight no longer. It was early to bed for all.

The westerly wind, laden with dust, drilled wearily across the night. The stars were hidden out. Soon the yellow lamps of the township were extinguished, leaving a tiny, gritty darkness.

Down.

The roar of the explosion shattered the midnight silence and sent the inhabitants of

Yamawarra scrambling from their beds.

Lash was awake in a second. His hands clasped over a mass of alarm.

"What's up?" cried McPherson, hopping out of bed.

"It's the end of the world!" roared Rawhide, plunging about in the darkness.

"Fire!" The cry came clearly to their ears as Lash, McPherson, and the others hurried round the verandah.

"Fire!" shouted more voices.

"The bank is on fire," bellowed McPherson. Across the road the little wooden building was ablaze.

The flickering yellow flames lit up the faces of the excited onlookers as they hurried to the spot. The fire bell was ringing furiously down the road, and they knew that help was on the way.

"Look! Look!" cried excited voices. From the shadows in the back of the bank dashed half-a-dozen horses.

They were all masked by handkerchiefs across their faces, all except their leader.

This man had a wide, ugly, vicious face that glared yellow in the light of the fire.

When everyone still, he had a great lump on his back and he looked like a creature of evil as he crept over his galloping horse.

"The Hunchback!" shouted men and women. "Look - the Hunchback!"

"Who...?" began Lash, as he watched the rider dash off into the darkness.

"Rawhide!" exclaimed McPherson. He hurried down the verandah steps and across the road to the bank.

The fire truck came roaring up, and the flames were soon extinguished.

Lash, with a premature of disaster clucking at his heart, followed McPherson into the bank.

The safe had been blasted open. Papers and documents were scattered everywhere, every of them soiled and charred.

"The strongest!" snapped Lash. "Uncle Peter's strongest!"

McPherson pointed into the damaged safe, looked furiously around the room, and growled: "It's gone. All the money and strongboxes have gone. The Hunchback has taken the lot."

(To be continued)

Answers to Competitors' Corner on p. 11

1. Transfer by crane is possible in the hand of an expert operator. Must drive to wire in that the gun "1" is much lower than the first gun, which is an angled help. The hole is fired by the crane-chain and, at the moment it leaves the gun "1", the whole crane is moving round at top speed. Right! (except the crane begins to swing, the chain is let out as far as it will go without loading the first gun. The momentum of swing, plus the levered chain, would enable the hole to be dropped safely just where required.)

2. (a) 16 (b) 16

(c) 16

(d) 16

(e) 16

(f) 16

(g) 16

(h) 16

(i) 16

(j) 16

(k) 16

(l) 16

(m) 16

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(q) 16

(r) 16

(s) 16

(t) 16

(u) 16

(v) 16

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(x) 16

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(aa) 16

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(gi) 16

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(gk) 16

(gl) 16

(gm) 16

(gn) 16

(go) 16

(gp) 16

(gq) 16

(gr) 16

ROB CONWAY

WHEN MAJOR MORLAND IS ATTACKED BY AN ARMED THUG, CADET ROB CONWAY COMES TO HIS AID. THE MAJOR ASKS ROB TO COME WITH HIM AS FAR AS HIS FLAT.

OUTSIDE THE MAJOR'S FLAT

ALL GOVT
SIR/

GOOD! - LOOK, MY BOY,
WILL YOU COME UP TO THE
FLAT FOR A MINUTE - I'D LIKE
A WORD WITH YOU!

RIGHT SIDE

MY FRIEND, TIM RAFFERTY
IS UP THERE - HE OUGHT
TO INTEREST YOU
- HE'S A PILOT.

-SAYS HE LEFT THE RAFF BECAUSE HIS GONGS WERE GETTING TOO HEAVY TO CARRY ROUND!

WHERE WE ARE

RAFFERTY!

UGGLE BUBBLE WOFFLE
FFLE !!!

WHAT HAPPENED? DID
DICK BARTON SNEAK
UP ON YOU?

NO MAJOR-A
DOZEN OF THE
WASTIEST LOOKING
BRUTES ARE

A DOZE
TIME

WELL, MAYBE I AM EXAGGERATING
A LITTLE, MAJOR—BUT
THERE WERE AT LEAST
THREE OF THEM—
AFTER YOUR MAP
THEY WERE—AND
HOPPING MAD THAT
THEY COULDN'T
FIND IT!

EVERYBODY
TO TAKE
ME, TOO—
DIDN'T
IT....

THANKS TO WE DON'T
KNOW YOUR NAME YET,
DO WE, SON?

ROB
UNWAY SIR!

WE'LL CALL YOU ROB!
SIT DOWN A MINUTE -

I HAVE SOMETHING
IMPORTANT TO
ASK YOU

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A TRIP
TO ASIA IN SEARCH OF
A SECRET CITY?

DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE!

presents

TOMMY WALLS



THE GREAT ADVENTURES



CONTINUED.